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No. 446

THE LIGHTS OF HAPPYLAND.

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
MARION SHORT

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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COSTUMES

MARGERY'S first gown is a fancy gauzy costume suitable for a Mardigras ball; fancy head-dress with it. Her second gown is a silk negligée. The head-dress is discarded and her hair curls loosely about her ears. The third change is made by adding a bright-colored cape and hood to be worn over the negligée, and negligée slippers.

EMILY wears a negligée of soft crepe, lavender or white, with lace. Her hair is slightly tinged with gray.

MAMMY LOU wears a plain print gown and white apron. A bright bandanna handkerchief is wound about her head.

LEE wears a domino. When he discards it he is seen either in a regulation Prince Charming costume, or in full dress, but the domino is imperative.

CHARACTERS

MARGERY GORDON A Southern girl
EMILY MAY Margery's aunt
MAMMY LOU Margery's old colored nurse
LEE DE CLAVIERE..... Margery's Prince Charming

THE LIGHTS OF HAPPYLAND

LOCALE: *New Orleans, during Madigras week.*

TIME: *The present. Midnight.*

SCENE: *Sitting-room of a typical Southern home. The furnishings are light and airy. On a table at R. there is a large lamp with rose-colored shade, also writing materials and a box of taffy. Large chair at right of table, a small chair the other side. There is a divan at L. piled up with bright chintz cushions. On the mantelpiece at R. rests a clock and candelabra. French windows at back opening onto garden. Door R.*

DISCOVERED: MAMMY LOU at R., *speaking off.*

MAMMY. What is it, Miss Emily?

EMILY. (*Heard off*) Hasn't that child got home yet?

MAMMY. (*Standing near door R.*) No, Miss Emily, but dey ain't no 'casion to worry youse'f. Missy Margie'll get here fo' midnight. (*Clock strikes twelve. MAMMY goes up to it and addresses it reproachfully.*) You ain't contradictifyin' me? You ornery old blab-mouth you better look out or I'll push your hands right off yo' face.

MARGERY. (*Enters from L., carrying bright horn covered with streamers; confetti is thrown into the room after her. There is the sound of laughter and*

the blare of horns and "good-byes" and then she faces MAMMY LOU.) Mammy Lou!

MAMMY. (*Admiringly*) Missy Margie, dat ain't you?

MARGERY. No, I'm the spirit of Mardigras, made out of music and roses and stars and laughter. I couldn't stay at the ball as long as I liked, so I brought part of it home with me. (*Pelts MAMMY with roses, gives her a squeeze, then dances all about the room, humming music of a dance.*)

MAMMY. (*Begins to sway as MARGERY dances*) Lawzy, dat starts my sugar heel. I almos' got to hol' down bofe feet to keep 'em on de flo'. (*Blare of horns, shouts and laughter heard in the distance.*)

MARGERY. Just gladness! That's what Mardigras means. The dark old world lit up with the lights of Happyland. The lights of Happyland! Oh, such a wonderful night! The procession was a ribbon of glory, Mammy. And then the ball! Lovely, sparkling ladies leaning from the balconies to watch the dancers below! And oh, my partner! He carried me along so lightly it was like floating on a wind-blown cloud!

MAMMY. Mammy's happy li'l lamb! But when Miss Emily finds out you be'n to dat ball, while she's gone on thinkin' you was spendin' de ebenin' at a neighbor's—dere's where trouble's gwine to staht!

MARGERY. Oh, I'll confess it all in the morning! No matter what happens then—it can't take away the memory of this wonderful, rainbow-colored night. What girl is he dancing with now, I wonder?

MAMMY. What "he" does yo' mean?

MARGERY. A wonderful Prince Charming, Mammy; handsome and manly—— (*Reaches to grasp her foot.*) O-o-o-o! (*Limps across the floor.*)

MAMMY. What you exclaimin' about, honey?

MARGERY. Slippers! I don't see why they hurt me—they're only two sizes too small!

MAMMY. Want me to unhook you for baid?

MARGERY. Yes, only don't unhook my backbone too, the way you did last time. (*Gets in front of MAMMY, who begins to unfasten gown.*)

MAMMY. Dat's kase mah fingers is all feet.

MARGERY. To think I had to run away from the ball before midnight, just like poor little Cinderella! Away from Prince Charming—

MAMMY. (*Working to unfasten gown*) Prince Ch—Charming? Better not let yo' Aunt Emily hear you talkin' 'bout no Prince Charming—Charming Prince! Bekase ob dat disapp'intment when she was young, she ain't got no use for de male population.

MARGERY. (*While MAMMY tugs at buttons*) Cinderella didn't wear tight slippers like mine, and she ran so fast she lost one—ouch!

MAMMY. (*Startled*) Did I hurt you?

MARGERY. No, tickled.

MAMMY. (*Resumes her task*) You always was ticklish.

MARGERY. Oh, if I could only run back to Prince Charming! Ouch! There, you did it all over again!

MAMMY. Don't holler lak dat, Missy Margery, it hits me in de spiral column.

MARGERY. That last wonderful waltz! (*Breaks away from MAMMY LOU and holding gown together at back begins to dance. EMILY enters. MARGERY sees her and starts back guiltily.*) Aunt Emily!

EMILY. (*Advances into the room*) Yes, I overheard! So, you and Mammy and my neighbors conspired together to deceive me! Without my con-

sent, against my command, you went to the Mardi-gras ball!

MARGERY. But all the girls were going, Aunt Emily, and I——

EMILY. (*Sternly sorrowful*) No excuses! This is my reward for trying to safeguard your happiness, protect you against yourself. Very well! Tomorrow we shall leave for the plantation where there will be no temptations to resist!

MAMMY LOU. (*In half-whisper of remonstrance*) Oh, Miss Emily!

EMILY. This, your first ball, shall also be your last, while I live!

MARGERY. But Aunt Emily, if a girl can't *be* a girl while she *is* one, she might as well not be a girl.

EMILY. (*More kindly*) I am doing for you, Margery, only what I wish some one had done for me when I was your age.

MARGERY. My last ball! and to have to go away and live on that lonely old plantation. Oh, I can't bear it—I won't! (*Weeps*)

MAMMY. Don't, honey, you stresses Mammy's rheumatiz when you cries lak dat.

EMILY. Go to your room. Some day you will understand.

MARGERY. (*Comes, sobbing, and kisses her aunt's cheek dutifully, and then goes toward exit*) G-g-g-g-Good night! (*Exits.*)

EMILY. (*With grim determination*) We shall rise early and make ready for our journey.

MAMMY. (*Scared but disapproving*) Ye'as'm Miss Emily.

EMILY. Set things in order and put out the lights.

MAMMY. Ye'as'm, I'll distinguish de lights.

EMILY. (*Severely, turning as she reaches door*)

I will guard the treasure Providence has placed in my care. Some day she will thank me.

MAMMY. Ya'as'm, Miss Emily, I knows you'se gwine to guard it when you says it lak dat.

EMILY. Good night. (*Exits.*)

MAMMY. (*Answers the "Good night," then thumps a pillow very hard*) "Plantation to-morrow." Buryin' mah lamb wher dere's nuffin' but niggahs scurryin' froo de cotton fields and no young folks, and no dancin' and no beaux!

LEE. (*Steps in from the garden, holding domino so it half conceals his face. He looks toward R., and does not see MAMMY LOU just at first*) Miss Margery!

MAMMY. (*From extreme L.*) Massy me! (*LEE lowers domino, turns and sees her.*) Who de debbil let you in? Is you a burglar or who?

LEE. (*Softly, reassuringly*) Only a harmless subject of King Mardigras.

MAMMY. What business you got prowlin' round at dis unyearthly hour?

LEE. I'm here to speak with your young lady for just a moment. It's very important. Won't you tell her so?

MAMMY. No, indeedy! Miss Emily ain't 'lowin' nuffin' lak dat.

LEE. Who's Miss Emily?

MAMMY. You'll find out who's Miss Emily, man, if she once gits her eyes sot on you. Bettah make yo'sef absent!

LEE. No, no! I've got to see and talk with my fairy princess again if only for one moment.

MAMMY. (*Tremendously interested*) Sakes alibe! Am you dat Prince man Missy Margie dance wiv at de ball?

LEE. (*With boyish delight*) Did she speak to you of me?

MAMMY. Uuhm! Kep a-wishin' to git back whar you is.

LEE. (*Overjoyed, seizes her in his arms*) Tell me that again!

MAMMY. (*Struggling*) Stop dat! You po' white trash prince man! I ain't yo' princess. Dat's Miss Emily a-comin'. You got to go! An' go quick!

LEE. (*Impatiently, going toward garden*) Why can't some people stay in bed where they belong?

MAMMY. Put dat in yo *own* pipe and smoke it! (*LEE exits. MARGERY enters. MAMMY, with back turned, thinks it is MISS EMILY and keeps on talking.*) No, Miss Emily, I was jes' talkin' to mahsef. Dey ain't no one round to be scared of. (*MAMMY sees that it is MARGERY.*) My lan'! Is eberybody on yearth stayin' up all night? Ain't you ready to lay yoself down and go to sleep?

MARGERY. (*Pulling a silk negligée about her*) No, I don't want to go to the arms of Morpheus yet.

MAMMY. Who's Morpheus, you li'l owl? No relation to dat Prince man, is he? (*Peeps surreptitiously in direction of window.*)

MARGERY. (*Climbs into a big chair*) No, Mammy, Morpheus is the god of sleep. But if an owl felt the way I do he would stay awake for a hundred years. I want to live those hours at the ball all over again, and I'm going to snuggle here and dream, and dream and dream—— (*Catches her breath with a sigh.*) It's the plantation and the end of dreams tomorrow, Mammy!

MAMMY. Dat pizenous ole plantation whah you ain't nevah gwine to git acquainted wiv nuffin' but lonesomeness! Miss Emily ought to hab a daughter ob her own to teach her sensibleness!

MARGERY. Mammy! Only *married* ladies have daughters.

MAMMY. (*With emphasis*) Be dat as it may, its

mah opinion dat if mournful disposition folks lak Miss Emily can't rise up and be what dey ain't, dat ain't no 'scusin' circumstantiation for deir layin' down and bein' what dey am! (*Goes toward window. As she does so MARGERY writes on a huge sheet of writing paper.*)

MARGERY. (*Speaking letters as she reads them*) I L-O-V-E H-I-M! I love him! (*Notices MAMMY peering from window.*) What you looking at, Mammy?

MAMMY. To see if dey's any ob dem crazy Mardi-grawzes folks hangin' round' de gyarden; but dey ain't. Bettah not! I'll go tuhn back yo' lil' bed, and I ain't gwine to close mah eyes until I tucks yo' in. (*Hums a darkey song as she exits. A rose comes through the window and falls at MARGERY'S feet.*)

MARGERY. Ah! (*MARGERY starts up, her hand to her heart. LEE enters, holding domino across face.*) Prince Charming!

LEE. You knew me? (*Lowers domino from face.*)

MARGERY. Of course. You look just the same.

LEE. (*Advances a step or two*) You're not frightened?

MARGERY. No. Not a little bit. Are you?

LEE. Maybe it's fright, but I like-it.

MARGERY. (*With a glance toward door R.*) Of course it's awfully late! Look at that clock.

LEE. Clocks are taboo on Mardigras nights. May I have a word with you?

MARGERY. Two or three, if you like. Oh, what fun! What shall we talk about? (*Sits by table.*)

LEE. Well, say the slipper you dropped as you left the ballroom, little Cinderella!

MARGERY. (*Stutters, uncomprehending*) S-slipper? M-mine?

LEE. I came to restore a lost article. (*Shows a*

rose-colored slipper. MARGERY is bewildered.) It's yours, isn't it? Of course, if I've made a mistake in the owner, my being here is unpardonable—I suppose.

MARGERY. (*Quickly jumps up*) You'd have to seek elsewhere, if it didn't belong to me?

LEE. Hm—perhaps!

MARGERY. (*Jealously, with a grab at slipper, which LEE eludes*) It's mine!

LEE. (*Retains slipper*) Then let me put it on.

MARGERY. (*Fearing he will discover her deception*) N-no, I don't want you to.

LEE. (*Looks about him*) So this is where the Fairy Princess lives!

MARGERY. (*With a sigh*) Until to-morrow. (*Turns to him.*) Sit down, won't you? (*Sits at R. of table.*)

LEE. (*Sits other side of table*) I should say I would! What a favor you did me when you lost your slipper! If you could realize just what being here means to me! The moment I saw you come into that ball-room, I knew I was done for! And now, to be sitting across the table from you, as cozy as if we were already——

MARGERY. (*As he leans toward her hastily offers him a piece of candy*) Taffy?

LEE. (*Takes candy*) Know any other chaps?

MARGERY. Oh, I don't want to talk about them!

LEE. (*Jealously*) Then there is some one else? (*Sees paper on which MARGERY has written "I love you."* Takes it in his hand and crumples it up after giving a startled exclamation. MARGERY, looking away, does not know he has the paper.) Of course! I've been a fool in a fool's paradise. It's time I waked up. The witchery of this Louisiana night—the witchery of you; and now—some one else!



MARGERY. But I didn't say there was.

LEE. (*Shows the paper*) I saw this—by accident. You wrote it, didn't you?

MARGERY. (*Embarrassed, snatches the paper*) No! Yes, but it doesn't mean anything.

LEE. (*Fierce, jealous accusation*) You wrote "I love him."

MARGERY. Couldn't I have been referring to the cat?

LEE. Don't speak lightly of it—please. (*Rises and walks toward her.*) To have found the one girl in all the world for me—and now—"some one else"! It makes me desperate to think of your loving another man. Of course, I've no right to know his name. I don't intend to ask who he is. (*Suddenly faces toward her.*) Who is he?

MARGERY. (*Softly mischievous*) He isn't—anyone—you'd object to.

LEE. (*Puzzled*) What?

MAMMY. (*Heard off*) Now please don't agitate yo'sef, Miss Emily, and git one ob dem bad spells o' lamentin'—

(*Enter EMILY, followed by MAMMY LOU.*)

MARGERY. (*Horried. She and LEE start apart*) Aunt Emily!

EMILY. (*Starts toward LEE as if in anger, then recoils*) You! You!

MARGERY. Please don't be angry, Aunt Emily—I met him at the ball—we danced together, but he's going now, and—

EMILY. (*With slow bewilderment, deaf to what MARGERY is saying, her eyes on LEE*) How is it I have grown so old, Edward De Claviere, and you have stayed so young?

LEE. But I am not Edward De Claviere, Madam. I am Lee, his son.

EMILY. Edward De Claviere's son? Yes, of course—I should have known! The resemblance dazed me for a moment. You are so like him—so like! (*Rouses herself into a sort of ferocity.*) Why have you come here to my house?

MARGERY. Oh, he wouldn't, Auntie, only it's Carnival time, and——

EMILY. (*Silencing MARGERY with a gesture*) Why have you come here, I say?

LEE. I followed your niece home from the ball! I'm madly in love with her.

EMILY. Oh! (*Staggers back. MAMMY LOU supports her. MARGERY is pleased with his declaration, then remembers her aunt.*) It does not take long for a De Claviere to win a girl's heart; nor long afterwards to trample it underfoot!

LEE. (*With dignity*) You have a harsh opinion of my kin. Why?

EMILY. You to ask me that! You, the son of the man who deserted me almost at the altar, and make me the mock of the world!

LEE. (*Appalled*) You were that woman?

EMILY. (*With bitter finality*) I was that woman. You can see now why a further acquaintance with my niece is out of the question.

LEE. But I don't see that at all. Why should I be held responsible for the sins of my father? Aren't you going to give me any sort of a chance to prove I can be different?

EMILY. There's no faith in the De Clavieres. I know the family. Go, Margery. This man will leave my house now; and he will not come back. (*To MARGERY.*) Go, I say.

MARGERY. (*Tremulously*) Yes, Aunt Emily. Good-bye—forever—Prince Charming. (*Rushes off*
R.)

LEE. This is final, is it?

EMILY. Final.

LEE. (*Goes toward window, and then turns back*) Somehow I feel that I'll win her in spite of you—of everything! I can't give up! I won't!

EMILY. (*Imploringly*) Don't set your will against mine. Always, since Margery was a child, I've seen my old, foolish, trusting self in her; seen the shadow of my fate hanging over her bright head. That's why I've wanted to keep her safe from the world; to keep her forever from loving if I could, so when *she* came to be old she would not be bitter and broken like me! She's all I have. To see her trust her happiness to a De Claviere would mean my death! (*Slowly sinks to her knees.*) Let me keep her in my care! Don't take her from me! See, I beg you on my knees!

(*With an exclamation, he lifts her to her feet.*)

LEE. (*Very quietly, but with intensity*) Before I take my leave, there's something I wish to tell you; something I think you ought to know.

EMILY. You can have nothing to say that could be of interest to me, or mine. (*Turns away from him.*)

LEE. Still I insist upon saying it, because it concerns you yourself.

EMILY. (*Startled, pauses*) Me?

LEE. (*With boyish sincerity*) Yes, you. My father and mother were never happy together. I scarcely remember my mother. Their marriage was a bitter failure. When father was called away from earth it was not my mother's picture I found opposite his in the watch he always carried, but that of a girl he had expected to marry before he met my mother, and whom he once told me he had never ceased to love. Time works changes in us all, of course; still, I half believe the girl in the picture

was you. (*Draws watch from his pocket and opens it.*)

EMILY. You're smooth-tongued as all the De Clavieres. I do not credit your foolish story.

LEE. This, then, is not your picture? (*He hands her the watch.*)

EMILY. (*Gazing at picture, speaks slowly and with intense emotion*) My picture that I gave him. Edward, Edward, this one moment wipes out the agony of years.

LEE. (*Very gently*) Then you're going to trust me—just a little?

EMILY. (*Slowly*) Perhaps. Time will tell. We shall see! (*Turns, and dreamily walks toward door R.*) Edward! Edward! (*Exits R.*)

MAMMY. (*To LEE*) Does dat mean—dat, maybe, perhaps, you'se gwine to be 'lowed to come back?

LEE. It's got to mean it, Mammy! And now you must carry the girl a good-night message from me.

MAMMY. (*Shakes head "No"*) Mos' lak she's asleep!

LEE. (*He puts a dollar in her hand*) Please!

MAMMY. (*Gratified at size of tip*) But 'tain't no harm to wake her. What all shall I say?

LEE. Tell her she's sweet as a white rose sparkling with dew. Tell her she's fair as silver moonbeams dancing across the ripples of a lake. Tell her she's the little queen of my heart—

MAMMY. Wait! I done got dem silver ripples mixed up wiv dimond jew. Would you mind commencin' at de beginnin'?

LEE. (*Laughs*) I'll save it to tell her myself. Good-night, Mammy.

MAMMY. Good-night. (*Exits R.*)

(*As LEE starts toward window, MARGERY, in cape and hood, steps in, meeting him.*)

MARGERY. I've been waiting for you outside in the garden to tell you another last good-bye.

LEE. No, not good-bye—only howdy do!

MARGERY. Why, you can't have made friends with Aunt Emily?

LEE. I hope so!

MARGERY. (*Ecstatically*) Oh! dear Aunt Emily!

LEE. I'm going to make her trust me! Oh, Fairy Princess, I want to ask you a question before I go—can't you guess what it is?

MARGERY. Wait! I'm afraid you won't want to ask it when you find how I've been deceiving you.

LEE. Deceiving me?

MARGERY. Dreadfully. (*Walks to table and gets slipper, and returns with it.*) There! (*She puts the slipper in his hand.*)

LEE. (*Downcast, not understanding*) You're giving me—the mitten?

MARGERY. No; slipper! It isn't mine. My foot isn't half as big as that. But I didn't want you to hunt up the other girl, so I pretended it was. Forgive me. Good-bye.

LEE. Don't go!

MARGERY. Hm? (*Turns back.*)

LEE. You didn't deceive me in the least.

MARGERY. No?

LEE. I knew the slipper wasn't yours and never had been.

MARGERY. (*Indignantly*) What?

LEE. I borrowed it of my sister as an excuse to come here.

MARGERY. (*Astonished*) Then all the time I was deceiving you, you were deceiving me, first?

LEE. I was.

MARGERY. (*Shakes her head, sadly*) We're neither of us worthy of each other!

LEE. That's why we're going to be happy. (*Takes her in his arms.*)

MAMMY. (*Appears at door R.*) Sakes alibe! (*They start apart, then run to sofa, and into each other's arms again. MAMMY calls loudly off R.*) Ya'as'm, Miss Emily. Miss Margie's all right! She's safe in de arms of Morphine!

CURTAIN

(*Second curtain. EMILY on; and gives her blessing.*)

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production, Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is 'hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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The Return of

A comedy in four acts, by Marion S. ... Coach," "The Tough-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfort of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

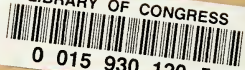
A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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